Follie's Anatomie,

OR

SATYRES

AND

Sacrificall Epigrams.

With a compendious

Hiſtory of *Jeron's*

Wreake.

Compiled by *Henry Hutton Dauntſeyan.*

LONDON

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TO THE READER, Vpon the Author, his Kinſ-man.

OLd Homer, *in his time made a great feaſt,*
And euery Poet was thereat a gueſt:
All had their welcome; yet not all one fare.
To them aboue the ſalt (his chiefeſt care)
He ſpewd a banquet of choiſe Poeſie,
Whereon they fed euen to ſatietie.
The lower end, had from that end their Cates.
For, Homer *ſetting open his dung-gates,*
Deliuered, from that dreſſer, excrement,
Whereon they glutted, and returnd in Print.
Let no man wonder that I this rehearſe;
Nought came from Homer *but it turnd to verſe.*

To the Reader.

Now where our Author was at this good cheere,
Where was his place, or whether he were there:
Whether he waited, or he tooke away;
Of this same point I cannot soothly say:
But thus I ghesse. Being then a dandiprat,
Some witty Poet tooke him in his lap
And fed him from aboue, with some choice bit.
Hence his Acumen, *and a ready wit:*
But prayses from a friendly pen ill thriue.
And truth's scarce truth, spoke by a relatiue.
Let enuy therefore giue her vote herein:
Enuy and th' Author sure are nought a-kin.
He personate bad Enuy: yet say so,
He light at Homers *mouth, not from below.*

R. H.

Ad Lectores.

TO ſtud on Terms twere vain. By hook & crook
One Terme I was defrauded of a Booke.
Now Readers your aſsiſtance I muſt craue,
To play at Noddy; to turne vp a knaue.
My foe at Tick-Tack playes exceeding well:
For Bearing (Sirs) beleeue't, he bears the Bell.
He's of a blood-hounds kinde, becauſe his Noſe
Viters each new made ſent; be't verſe, or proſe.
Could ye attache this Felon, in's diſgrace
I would not bate an inch (not Boltons *ace)*
To baite, deride, nay ride this ſilly Aſſe,
I would take paines; he ſhould not ſcot-free paſſe.
All filching knaues (be't ſpoken as a Trope)
Will once be plaide, diſplayed by a Rope:

Ad Lectores.

Anabe this proud disperser of stole workes
Once caught (that now in clanks & corners lurks)
Lest he delude some kinde affecting Scholler,
Prey, bane him wrapt in a Hempen Coller:
Once burnt ith hand, he will example give,
To such Timestorne-coats as by filching live.

TO

TO THE WORTHILY Honor'd Knight, Sir *Timothy Hutton.*

NObleſt of mindes, vnknowne, I would inuite,
Rich Pyrrhus *to accept a* Codrus *mite.*
My lame-legd Muſe, nere clomb Pernaſſus Mount,
Nor drunke the iuice of Aganippe's Fount:
Yet doth aſpire with Dedall's *wings, appeale*
To you, ſole Patron of our common weale.
The foule maskt Lady, night, which blots the skie,
Hath but one Phœbe, *feuer-ſhaking eye.*
Olympus azure clime, one golden light,
Which drownes the ſtarry curtaine of the night:
And my rude Muſe (which Satyriſts would rend)
One generous, graue Patronizing friend.

Ieu

The Epistle Dedicatory.

You this Mæcenas are, peruse my writ,
And vse these Metroes of true meaning wit:
Command; commend them not: such humile Art
Disclaimes applause, demerits no desert.
Value my verse according to her worth:
No mercenary hope hath brought her forth.
Times puny, Penny-wits, I loathing hate.
Though poore, Im'e pure, from such a seruile state.
These workes (fram'd on the Anuile of my braine)
My free borne Muse, enfranchise from such shame:
In which large Calender, Timists may view,
I onely writ to please the World, and you.

Your worships friend
Nomine & Re:

Henry Hutton.

SATYRES.

I Vrge no time, with whipt, ſtript *Satyrs* Lines,
With furies ſcourge whipping depraued times.
My muſe (tho fraught) with ſuch ſhall not begin
T'vncaſe, vnlace, the centinell of ſin:
Yet let earths vaſſailes, pack-horſe vnto ſhame,
Know I could laſh their lewdneſſe, euill fame;
Reade them a Lecture, ſhould their vice imprint
With ſable lines, in the obdured flint;
Their Mappes of knauery and ſhame deſcry,
In liuely colours, with a ſanguine die;
And tell a tale, ſhould touch them to the quick;
Shold make them ſtartle; fain thēſelues cap-ſick;
But, that no Patron dare, or will maintaine
The awfull ſubiect of a *Satyre's* vaine.

WHat haue we here? a mirror of this age,
Acting a Comicks part vpon the ſtage.
What Gallant's this? His nature doth vnfold
Him, to be framed in *Phantaſtes* mold.
Lo how he iets; how ſterne he ſhewes his face,
Whiles from the wall he paſſengers doth chaſe.

Muſe

Muſe touch not this man, nor his life diſplay,
Ne with ſharpe cenſure gainſt his vice inuey:
For, ſith his humor can no ieſting brooke,
He will much leſſe endure a *Satyre's* booke.
Beſhrew me, ſirs, I durſt not ſtretch the ſtreete,
Gaze thus on conduits ſcrowls, baſe vintners beat
Salute a Mad-dame with a french cringe grace,
Greete with God-dam-me, a confronting face,
Court a rich widow, or my bonnet vaile,
Conuerſe with Bankrupt Mercers in the Gaile,
Nor in a Metro ſhew my *Cupide's* fire,
Being a french-poxt Ladies apple-ſquire;
Leſt taxing times (ſuch folly being ſpide)
With auſtere *Satyres* ſhould my vice deride.
Nere breath, I durſt not vſe my Miſtriſſe Fan,
Or walke attended with a Hackney-man,
Dine with Duke *Humfrey* in decayed *Paules*,
Confound the ſtreetes with *Chaos* of old braules,
Dancing attendance on the Black-friers ſtage,
Call for a ſtoole with a commanding rage,
Nor in the night time ope my Ladies latch,
Leſt I were ſnared by th' all-ſeeing Watch:
Which Critick knaues, with *Lynxes* pearcing eye
Into mens acts obſeruantly do prye.

MVſe, ſhew the rigour of a *Satyres* art,
In harſh Sarcaſmes, diſſonant and ſmart.

First, to you masse of humors, puffe of winde,
Which, Polipe-like, doth enterchange his mind,
Note how this Timist, scratching of his pate,
Inuents a fable to aduance his state,
Venting a Legend of Man, Diuells lies,
Which in the eares of potentates must flie.
See how he squares it, takes a priuate stand,
To Gnathonize, to act it with his hand.
Behold his gesture, and his brazen face,
How stoutely he doth manage his disgrace.
Lo how he whispers in his Masters eare,
In 's Closet tattles lest the seruants heare;
Winkes of an eye, and laughs his Lord to scorne,
By his attractiue fingers making hornes.
His swimming braine, thus being brought to bed,
As motiues to his wit, he rubs his head:
Then like a ledger at the Tables end,
Takes place for an inuited friend;
Applauding in discourse his Masters speech,
Admiring 's vertu, ore the pot doth preach: (spent
Inueies 'gainst ding-thrifts, that their lands haue
Detesting Ryot more then thin cheekt Lent:
Censures base whoredome, with a Mustard face.
With a sowre pis-pot visage, doth disgrace
A Ruffled Boote, and will in no case stand,
In view of a (sir reuerence) yellow band.
He rayles on Musick, pride, and wines excesse,
And from an Organ-pipe himselfe doth blesse.

Abhorres

Abhorres a Sattin ſuit, or veluet cloake,
And ſayes Tobaccho is the Diuells ſmoake;
The thought of To.his intrailes more doth gripe
Then Phyſicks art, or a ſtrong Gliſter-pipe.
Go tell this ſlaue, his vices ſhall not paſſe,
Such craftie colts, muſt feele the *Satyres* laſh.
The Lyons skinne a while may ſhade the Ape:
But yet his worſhip ſhall not ſcot-free ſcape.
Though he ſeeme nice, demeane himſelf demure
The world perceiues, this Sycophants impure,
His *Harpies* face, diſſembling *Syrens* voyce,
VVhich in each corner make a whiſtling noyce
Cannot be ſconced with each male pretence,
Nor blind the world with ſom miſconſtru'd ſen
We know his thoght concurs not with his wor
His mouth ſpeaks peace, his hart imends a ſwor
None can diſcerne whence *Titan* fram'd this mo
VVhich, *Gnato* like, doth blowe both hot & co
O ſubtle Tyrant, whoſe corroding hate,
Depriues both life, and conſummates the ſtate
Of ſenſeleſſe Noddies, who repoſe in reſt,
Foſter hot embers, Serpents in their breſt,
Which ſparkling flames, t'accompliſh vain deſi
Makes fooles, their ſubiects, fuell to the fire;
And like the *Viper*, fraught with ſpleenefull ma
The Intralls of their Patrons ſtates doe gnaw.

NExt, lets ſuruey the Letchers obſcœne ſhame,
Rouze him from 's ſquat, purſuing of the
Depriue this wel mouth'd dog of his intẽt, (game,
Tracing each footeſtep, by his freſh made ſent,
And pinch him with a ſcandald ſoule, impure,
Note him with *Theta*, for ay to endure.
Wil't pleaſe you view this monſter in his glaſſe?
It beſt diſcouers a Phantaſtick Aſſe.
See how, *Narciſſus* like, the foole doth doate,
Viewing his picture, and his guarded coate;
And with what grace, bold actor like he ſpeakes,
Hauing his beard preciſely cut ith' peake;
How neat 's Mouchatoes do a diſtance ſtand,
Leſt they diſturbe his lips, or ſaffron band:
How expert he 's; with what attentiue care,
Doth he in method place each ſtragling haire.
This idle doll, doth beſtow his wit,
In being ſpruce, in making 's ruffe to ſit:
His daies endeauours are to be compleate,
To vſe his veſtures nitid and facete:
For vulgar oathes, he raps forth blood and heart,
As coadiutors in the wenching art:
In 's frizled Periwig, with bended brow,
Sweares at each word: for, to confirm his vow,
He holds an oath 's the ornamentall grace
Of veniall diſcourſe, befitting 's place;
And doth maintaine, in 's humor, To be drunk,
Is the preparatiue to loue a punke;

A pipe of To. th'indulgence of his brains,
Vſing Potatoes to preſerue the Raines.
Pale horned *Luna*, ſiſter to darke Night,
In *Venus* ſport he vſeth for a light;
Thinking Earth's ſable mantle hides his ſhame,
Depriues the terror of ſwift winged Fame.
VVhen darkneſſe doth eclipſe *Don Phœbus* raies
VVhen nights vaſt terror hath expelld the daies
Then doth this ſubiect paſe it to Pickt-hatch,
Shore-ditch, or Turneball, in deſpite oth' Watch
And there repoſing on his Miſtriſſe lap,
Beg ſome fond fauour, be't a golden cap:
Plaies with her plume of feathers or her Fan,
VViſhing he were accepted for her man;
And then at large in ample tearmes doth ſhowe
His *Cupids* dart, and much endured woe,
Deſiring cure to ſalue his languiſht care,
T'expell the willow-garland of deſpaire:
And that he may obtaine his luſt, compares
Her eyes to ſtarres, to Amber her pounc't hayres
Equalls her hand to Cignets pureſt white,
VVhich in *Meanders* ſtreames do take delight:
Her ſanguine bluſh, and ruby painted mold,
Vnto *Aurora's* red, rich Indies gold.
Hauing earth's weaker vaſſaile ouercome,
He bribes a Pandar with ſome trifling ſum;
Doth frolike with the Muſick in this vaine,
Hearing the Diapaſon of their ſtraine.

Perha

Perhaps hee'l cut a caper, neately prance,
And with his Curtail ſome odde Galliard dance;
Then glutted with his luſt make quick diſpatch,
Pretending hee's in danger of the Watch:
So taking *Vale*, till ſome other night,
Muſt be conducted by a Tapers light,
Along the ſtreete to his polluted Cell,
Where this vile letcher doth inhabit, dwell.
He thinkes the ſecret quietneſſe of night,
Which with phantaſmes doth poſſeſſe each ſprite,
Is a ſafe ſhelter to conceale his fact,
Hauing no witneſſe to record his act.
O ſtupid foole! the Heauens al-ſeeing eye,
Beholds thy baſe frequented infamy;
And will repay thee treble, with a pox,
For the night-hanting of baſe Shoreditch ſmocks

ALl haile *Tom Toſpot*: welcome to the Coaſt.
What *Paris* newes canſt brag of, or make boſt?
Thy phiſnomie bewraies thou canſt relate
Some ſtrange exploits attempted in the State,
I know th'haſt courted *Venus* luſting dames,
T'was thy inter whē thou tookſt ſhip on *Thames*.
Let's ſympathize thy hap, enioy ſome ſport.
What art thou ſenceleſſe, dead-drunk, alla mort?
Gallants, this abiect obiect which you ſee,
Is an old picture of Gentilitie.

With *Coriat* he trauell'd hath by land,
To ſee Chriſts croſſe, the tree where *Iudas* hangd:
Dinelin and *Amſterdam* his ſea crab paſſe,
With other countries moe, did often trace.
Earth's circled orbe, he frequent trudged, went,
With leſſe expences then *Tom Odcombe* ſpent:
With fewer cloaths, though furniſht with mo ſhifts
With ſparing diet, fewe receiued gifts.
Tom had one payre of ſtockins, ſhooes, one ſuite;
But *Toſpots* caſe *Tom Coxcombs* doth confute.
For he has trauell'd all Earths globe a foote,
Without whole cloathes, good ſtockin, ſhooe or boote.
His ragged iournall, I bemone, condole;
Yet (God be thankt) he is return'd all-hole.
Tom had aſſiſtants, as his bookes report:
But *Toſpot* trauell'd voide of all conſort;
Hauing no creature with him whiles he ſlept,
Or walkt; but ſuch as in his boſome crept.
Toſpot deteſts all cloaths, hates new found forme,
Vnleſſe it were no cloaths at all were worne.
Which Method (I dare ſay) he would obſerue,
Goe naked with his com-ragges, beg, and ſterue.
He is no boaſting *Thraſo* which will vant
Of his aduentures, penurie, and ſcant.
Yet if you pleaſe to reade my ſlender Muſe,
I ſhall deſcribe the humor he doth vſe.
Tobaccho, Bottle ale, hot Pippin-pies:
Such traffique, merchandize, he daily buies.

With belly-timber, he doth cram his gut,
With double iugges doth his Orexis glut,
Sweares a God-dam-me for the tapsters shottes,
And may pledge no health lesse then with 2. pots.
He has a Sword to pawne in time of neede,
A perfect beggers phrase wherewith to pleade
For maintenance, when his exhausted store
Is profuse lauisht on some pockie whore.
Tibornes triangle trees will be the thing,
Must send this knaue to Heauens in a string.

MOunsier *Brauado*, are you come t'outface,
With your Mouchatoes, gallants of such
Pack hence, it is an humor to contend, (place
In a brauado, with your neerest friend.
Wee'l not contest or squabble for a wall,
Nor yet point field, though you vs vassailes call.
Inuent some other subiect to employ
Your gilded blade, your nimble footed boy.
Correct your frizled locks, and in your glasse
Behold the picture of a foolish Asse.
Barter your lowsie lutes for present gaine,
Vnto a Broker in rich Birchin lane.
Compile a sonnet of your Mistrisse gloue.
Copy some Odes t'expresse conceited loue.
Ride with your sweet-heart in a hackney coach.
Pick quarrells for her sake, set fraies on broach.

Vſe Muſicks harmony (which yeelds delight)
Vnder your Ladies window in the night.
Stretch with a plume, & cloak wrapt vnder th'ar
Yong Gallants glories ſoone will Ladies charm
S'foot walke the ſtreets, in cringing vſe your wi
Suruey your Loue, which in her window ſits.
Black-Friers, or the Palace-garden Beare,
Are ſubiects fitteſt to content your eare.
An amorous diſcourſe, a Poets wit,
Doth humor beſt your melancholy fit.
The Globe to morrow acts a pleaſant play,
In hearing it conſume the irkeſome day.
Goe take a pipe of To. the crowded ſtage
Muſt needs be graced with you and your page.
Sweare for a place with each controlling fool
And ſend your hackney ſeruant for a ſtoole.
Or if your Miſtriſſe frowne, ſeeme maleconte
Then let your Muſe be cloiſtred vp, ypent.
Be loue ſicke, and harſh Madrigalls expreſſe,
That ſhe may viſit you in ſuch diſtreſſe.
I'me ſure you haue ſome pamphlet, idle toy,
Which you rate high, eſteeme a matchleſſe ioy.
Where's your Tobacco box, your ſteele & touc
Roarers reſpect, and value theſe too much.
Where is your larum watch your Turkies Rin
Muske-comfits, bracelets, & ſuch idle things?
Y'are nak't as *Adam* if you haue not theſe,
And your endeauours cannot Ladies pleaſe.

If you the Gallants title will assume,
Goe vse th'Apothecarie for perfume,
Weare eare-rings, iewels, cordiuants strong sent,
Which comely ornaments dame Nature lent.
Fy, fy: you are to blame, which times misspend,
That for a trifling cost will lose a friend.
Do not contend in each frequented Lane,
With euere idle coxcombe, busie braine:
But your *Minerua's* industry employ,
Your Ladies golden tresses to enioy.
Record your name in some rich Mercers note,
That tradesmen may come pull you by the coate.
And in th'abysse of Vintners chalked score,
Shipwrack good fortune, run thy state on shoare.
Diue in Mechanicks books, till in the streete
Sergeants arrest, conuey thee to the Fleete,
And there in durance cag'd, consume with woe,
Beg with a purse, and sing *Fortune's my foe.*

WRite, Poetaster: fy for shame, your dayes
Wil dy without remembrancers of praise.
'Tis pitty, such a pregnant witty verse
Should be intombed in the fatall herse.
Confine your Muse some tractates to compile,
In scanned Metre, or condigner stile;
That Barth's milde censure may applauding blaze
Your *Phœnix* quill, with volleys of great prayse.

Why art so slowe? the Trophies will bee lost,
Vnlesse you wright, all Fortunes shall be crost.
What canst thy stile prohibit? gazing mute,
Where Earth's contending for the golden fruit
You vilifie your selfe with endlesse shame,
Imposing scandall to each Poets name.
I grieue he should be silent, in despite
Of all the Muses, which Sarcasmies write.
He doth resemble Minstrells in each thing;
Inuited once, hee'l neyther play, nor sing;
Vnbidden, will inuey against each friend,
Incessant write great volumes without end,
The amorist which doth your wardrobe keepe,
Admires your sluggish Muse is yet asleepe.
He should a rirming Madrigall compose;
And wanting you, must tell his griefs in prose,
The wenches they exclayme, cry out, and call
For Poetasters workes extemporall.
The alehouse tippler, he protests, your Muse
Greatly dishonours him, with grosse abuse,
Infringing promise: which you lately made,
Concerning Libells, that should touch the trad
He gaue you earnest after you were wooed,
A dozen of strong liquor he bestowed,
To bathe your Muse, to make your fluent vai
Apt to despise a *Satyres* taxing braine.
The idle Minstrell, he cries out of wrong,
Because you doe his sonnets still prolong.

You iniure much his treble ſqueaking note,
Depriues him of the townſhips armes, red coate.
Such wrongs may not paſſe free: inuent a theam,
Rouze vp your Muſe from her conceited dreame.
Giue him a cup of Ale, a pipe of To:
And let him to his priuate ſtudy go.
Hee'l breake a ieſt, when he has drunke a glaſſe,
Which ſhal for currant mongſt the tapſters paſſe,
And rime to any word you can propound,
Although a Metre for it, nere were found,
Wright *Panegyricks* in the praiſe of's friend,
Make compleat verſes, on his fingers end.
He has a ſubiect he did late inuent,
Will ſhame the riming ſculler, *Iack a Lent.*
'Tis writ in print; perhaps you'l ſee't anon,
'Twas made of *Robin Hood* and little *Iohn.*
'Twil be diſcouerd er 't be long; and ly
Vnder the botrome of a pippin-py,
Be pind to Capons backs to ſhroude the heate,
Fixt to ſome ſolid ioynt of Table meate.
Wiſh it be put to no worſe ſeruice, then
To ſhelter the ſcorcht Caponet or Hen.
I pray 't may haue ſuch office, worthy place,
Yet feares 'tmuſt ſuffer vile rebuke, diſgrace.
Iack out of office wee 't ere long ſhall finde
Ith houſe of office, being mew'd, confinde.
Well though it be, yet for the Muſes ſakes,
Hee'l pen a pithie tractate of *A-iax.*

I wish he would reserue A-iax in minde,
T'will serue but for A-iax and come behinde:
For men adiudge the volumes of this foole,
Worthie no chayre, scarce to deserue the stoole.
Let cease the clamor of thy Hotchpot verse,
The stupid ports, or senceleſſe streetes to pearce.
The doggrell discord of thy long legd rime,
Defameth Poets, scandalize the time.
Your mock-verse Muse deserueth nought but fire
The beggers whipstock, or the Gallowes hire.
In silence spend the reliques of your dayes:
For being mute you will attaine most prayse.
Auoide each *Satyres* lash, censures of times,
Which doe deriding read pot-Poets rimes.

THe crane-throate hell, of this depraued age,
Earths belly-god, let's view vpon the stage.
See how the squadron of his full fraught panch
Out-squares the straightnes of his narrow hanch
Making his stumppes supporters to vpholde
This masse of gutts, this putrefied molde.
His belly is a Cesterne of receit,
A grand confounder of demulcing meate.
A Sabariticke Sea, a depthleſſe Gulfe,
A senceleſſe Vulture, a corroding Wolfe.
Behold this Helluo, how he doth glut,
Fill (like a wallet) his immeasurde gut,

Gram

Cramming his ſtomack with vnceſſant loade,
Like a ſtuft bladder, hates bigge ſwelling Toades;
And rammes his panch, that bottomleſſe abyſſe,
As if to glut were legall, promis'd bliſſe.
All's fiſh that comes to net, this Harpy's tooth
Eates what's within the compaſſe of his mouth.
His table-talke hates hunger, more then vice,
Railes againſt fortune, cheating, cards, and dice,
Enuies 'gainſt actors, taxing ſuch as fight,
Or in Tobacco doe repoſe delight,
And thouſand ſubiects mo exactly ſcannes,
Rayling on cloakebagge breeches, yellow bands;
Wiſhing the fencing-ſchooles might be ſuppreſt,
And all ſaue belly-timber doth deteſt.
This large diſcourſe his gluttony doth cloake,
Are motiues his Orexis to prouoke.
Which being fraught, till ſences are a mort,
At noonetide to concoct he takes a ſnort.
His drowſie ſences hudwinkt in a cap,
Leaning vpon his chaire do take a nap.
Conferre his belly with his lower part,
And you'l adiudge dame Natures rareſt art
Made not this bulke, infuſing life, or blood,
In ſuch vnſquared timber, vnheawn wood.
He's more miſhapen then *Crete's* monſtrous ſin,
Deformed both without, and eke within.
His circled panch, is barrell like rotound,
Like earths vaſt concaues hollow, and profound.

His

His hanches which are lockt as in ſome box,
With the ſtraight compaſſe of a Par a-dox,
He doth into ſo little compaſſe bring,
As if they ſhould be drawne through *Gyges* ring
So that he ſeemes as if black *Vulcans* art,
Of diuerſe foſſiles had compil'd each part;
As if ſome taylor had bound on with points,
Nero's great belly, to ſtaru'd *Midas* ioynts.
I could diſcipher this huge map of ſhame,
And liuely pourtrait his abhorred name,
Wer't not that Criticks would debaſe, reuile,
Cenſure the ſharpeneſſe of a *Satyres* ſtile.
'Tis ſhame, ſuch vipers, all deuouring Hell,
Should be indured in our Coaſts to dwell.
We can frame nothing of ſuch naughtie Earth,
Except a ſtorehouſe in the time of dearth;
Or beg this Minotaure, when he doth die,
T' make dice of's bones or an Anatomie.
Ile therefore leaue him in his pan-warm'd bed,
Reſting on's pilllow his diſtempr'd head.
Wer't not for cenſures, I ſhould make him prance
Skip at the *Satyr's* laſh, leade him a dance,
Vnrip his bowels, and Anatomize
His filthy intrailes, which he doth much prize.
But taxing times ſuch proiects doe confute,
Silence ſterne *Satyres*, warnes them to be mute.
The golden dayes are chang'd, when Foxes ſins
Paſſe ſcot-free, marching in the Lyons skins;

Wher

Whē corrupt times may complot wrong, or right
Without controule, of contradicting might.

MY treatiſe next muſt touch (thogh ſomwhat late)
A woman creature moſt inſatiate.
See this incarnate monſter of her ſex,
Play the virago, vnaſhamde, perplext.
See *Omphale* her effeminated king,
Baſely captiue; make him doe any thing.
Her whole diſcourſe is of *Gny* Warwicks armes,
Of errant Knights, or of blinde *Cupids* charmes.
Her ciuill geſture, is to faigne a lie
In decent phraſe, in true Ortographie.
Her modeſt bluſh, immodeſt ſhame, O fy,
Tis grand diſgrace to bluſh, indignity.
She counts him hut a Nazard, halfe a-mort,
That will not iumble, vſe dame *Venus* ſport.
To kiſſe, to cull, t'admire her painted face
And doe no more; ignoble, vile diſgrace.
She likes his humor which plaies for the marke,
Affects the man that's expert in the darke.
With coſtly vnguents ſhe depaints her browes,
Calls them the palace of chaſt *Hymens* vowes.
And yet this ſtatue for her honor'd trade,
With eu'ry vaſſaile will be vnderlaide.
Her ſole delight is fixed in a fan,
Or to walke vſherd by a proper man.

Nature

Nature hath poliſht each externall part
Of this vile dame with Oratories Art;
Making each limb an Oratour, defence,
To maske her ſcandall with ſome good pretence.
Doe but conferre and note her priuate ſpeech,
Her diuine frame, will paſſe your humane reach.
Shee'l complement, pathetically act
A tragick ſtory, or a fatall fact.
Liuely diſcouer *Cupid* and his bowe,
Manage his ſauage quiuer in her brow,
Court ſo compleately, rarely tune a ſong,
Thas ſhe will ſeeme a *Dido* for a tongue;
And by the vertue of all-conquering ſight,
Infuſe euen life in him, that has no ſprite.
Her golden phraſe will rauiſh ſo your eares
With amorous diſcourſe, pale louers teares,
That you would iudge her rareſt parts diuine,
Deeme her a virgin of chaſt *Veſtaes* ſhrine.
Yet this proud *Iezabell*, ſo nice, demure,
Is but a painted Sepulchre impure.
Shee ſeemes a Saint (in conference being hard)
Yet is more ſpotted then the *Leopard*.
Though ſhe beſtow her vigilancie, care,
In coyning phraſes, pouncing of her hayre:
Yet are her Legends, golden maſſe of wit,
But like *Apocrypha*, no ſacred writ.
All's not authenticall the which ſhe pleades,
Or wholſome doctrine, that ſhe daily reades.

Ceaſe

Ceaſe, auſtere Muſe, this counterfeit to touch:
Y'haue ſpoke Satyricall, I doubt, too much.
Ile rather pitty, then enuy, inuay,
Their Kalender of wretch'neſſe to diſplay,
Shutting my Muſe in ſilence, leaſt ſhe ſtrip
This Saint-like creature with a *Satyres* whip.
I bluſh, my quill with ſo immodeſt face
Abruptly pointed at her great diſgrace,
Loathing the ſubiect of a *Satyres* ſtile,
Diſcernes deſert, which ſhould this ſect defile.
Pardon my Muſe (kinde ſirs) ſhe whips not all
Whom we in *ſpecie* do women call.
'Tis *Corinths Lais*, *Romes* confronting whore,
Which like the Helleſpont we run on ſhore;
Such as reſemble *Dian* in their deedes,
I meane in giuing large *Acteons* heads.
Theſe are the Subiects which demerit blame,
And ſuch we tax with earths eternall ſhame.
Applauding ſuch chaſt *Philomels*, whoſe loue,
Idem, per idem, doth moſt conſtant proue.

BRITISH MUSEUM

FINIS.

SHould I commend you *Satyres*? faith no, tuſh
'Tis an old Prouerbe, *Good wine needes no buſh*.
If ye demerit earth's condigner laude,
Let grauer cenſures grace you with applaude.
If ye deſerue no Poets Lawrell ſtem,
Be ye baſe Orphans, I diſclaime ye then. (vile
To praiſe good works 'twere ſhame, indigne, and
For none but counterfeits do prayſe their ſtile.
Good, is but good; and no man can more ſay:
To praiſe the bad, makes Satyriſts inuay.
Goe ſeeke your fortunes, be it good or bad
If bad, I'le greiue; if good, I ſhall be glad.

Henry Hutton.

To the Reader.

HEark, ye yong Roysters, that with Inkehorn stuffe
Delude the state, and rayle the world in snuffe:
Let me, in Court'sie, beg a friendly Q,
When you haue spent your mouths vpon the view.
Chop logick, chaw your cuds; some leisure giue.
My Muse, which doth at rack and manger liue,
Must halt about the marke; for she's not slight:
And yet, though slowe, she sometims speaks aright.
I feare no colours: Let mad Satyres write.
The Curres which barke the most, do seldome bite.
Let coxcombs curry fauour with a fee,
Extoll their braines, with Claw me, I'l claw thee.
I write the truth: If any fault you see,
Impute it to ill readings, not to me.
Dispence with my bold quill: if she be fell,
I doe it for the best: I wish all well.
Connive yong wits (which on your humors stand)
I'l, with the Prouerbe, Turne the Cat in'h' band.
And ere ye iarre, for Peace sake giue the way;
Sith few, or none, with edg'd tooles safely play.

SATYRICALL *Epigrams.*

Ad Lectorem.

Epi. 1.

READer, I muſt preſent you a Shrimp-fiſh:
I hope you'l make no bones to taſt this diſh.
It is no Carpe, vnleſſe you giv 't that note:
Which if you doe, I wiſh 'twere in your Throate.

Ad Momum.

Epi. 2.

MOmus, I wiſh your loue, and humbly crav 't:
My ſuite is for the ſame; pray let me hav 't.
If that you think, according be not beſt,
A Cording be your end: and ſo I reſt.

Maltſters ill Meaſure.

Epi. 3.

SVch *Maltſters*, as ill meaſure ſell for gaine,
Are not mere knaues, but alſo knaues in Grain.

De Equiſone.

Epi. 4.

CAn *Equiſo* be wauering as the winde?
Faith no; for he is of a Stable kinde.

In Caluum.

Epi. 5.

THe Commonty complaine, *Caluus* of late,
By hook, & crook, by pouling gaineth ſtate:
Yet he proteſts, he takes few bribed gifts,
And powling ſcornes aboue all other ſhifts;
Appealing to his barber, who doth ſweare,
He is not worth one hayre to reach one eare.
Then, ſith you tax him with this faultleſſe ill,
He'l leaue off-powling, and begin to pill.

Epi. 6.

KInde *Kit* diſdaines that men him fool do call.
What is he elſe? Faith, nothing but Wit-all.

An

EPIGRAMS.

An action of the Case.

Epi. 7.

SHouldring a Minſtrell, in a Lane, I broke
His Violls caſe, by an vnlucky ſtroke:
Who ſwore he would cõplain, to vent his grudg.
And what care I, what any law will iudge:
For why? I will maintaine it, face to face,
'T can be no more, but th' action of the Caſe.

Epi. 9.

TOm-Cobbler ſold his tools, a matter ſmall:
And yet vnto this day he keepeth Awl.

Epi. 10.

RObin has for Tobaccho ſold his chaire,
Reſeruing nothing but a ſtoole for's lare:
Whence all men iudge, this ſilly ſottiſh foole,
Though ſeldome ſick, goes often to the Stoole.

God a-mercy Horſe.

Epi. 11.

A Friend, who by his horſe receiu'd a fall,
Made bold (he ſwore) in priuate for to call.
I made him welcome, as dame Nature bindes
All thoſe to doe that beare affecting mindes.
Yet ſith his ſteede did him vnwilling force,
I thanke not him, but *God a-mercy Horſe.*

Epi. 12.

Franciſco vants he gaue his wife the horn.
She frouns, ſhe frets, & takes the news in ſcorn.
And thogh you did (quoth ſhe) yet you, indeed,
Muſt weare the horne, becauſe you are the Head.

De Caluo.

Epi. 13.

Caluus proteſts, for foes he doth not care:
For why? they cānot take from him one hair.

In

In Perum.

Epi. 14.

PErus doth ſermons write, & ſcripture quote;
And therfore may be tearm'd a man of Note.

In Cauſidicum.

Epi. 15.

CAuſidicus wears patched cloathes, ſome bruit;
And muſt doe ſo: for he has nere a ſuite.

De fabro lignario.

Epi. 16.

TOm Ioyner ſold his tooles, and cloaths of's (britch,
To cure the ſcab; and yet he has an Itch.

Epi. 17.

A Cuckold is a dangerous beaſt. Why ſo?
Nam Cornu ferit ille: Caneto.

De Vinoſo.

Epi. 18.

VInoſus is a Verbe, his perſons good,
And muſt be form'd in the *Potentiall* mood;
In which ſole mood, we find each drunken man.
For, commonly, they 're known by the ſign, Can.

Epi. 19.

WOmen by nature doe a *Nazzard* ſpight,
Becauſe he 's a light-horſeman & wants (weight

Epi. 20.

Iack-Cut-purſe is, & hath been patient long.
For, he 's content to pocket vp much Wrong.

Epi. 21.

Tom vow'd to beat his boy againſt the wall:
And as he ſtrook, he forthwith caught a fall.
The Boy, deriding, ſaid I will auerre,
Y' haue done a thing, you cannot ſtand to, ſir.

Epi

Epi. 22.

IN an outlandiſh Port, where there were ſtore
Of bloudy Pyrats taken on the ſhore,
The Magiſtrate did build (of ſquared ſtone)
A payre of Gallowes, for to hang them on.
And being askt, why they ſo ſtrong were made,
Replied; that woodden Gallowes ſoone decaid,
They would not laſt one age; but now his care,
Had built ſtrong Gallowes for himſelfe, and 's (heire

De Baliue.

Epi. 23.

HOw dare ye with a *Baliue* ſquabble, broile,
Diſturbe the ſtreetes with vproares, endleſſe
Though he be poore, yet offer no diſgrace: (coile
Baliues are men of Calling in their place.

Epi. 24.

BEll, though thou die decrepit, lame, forlorne,
Thou waſt a man of Metall, I'l be ſworne.

Crooke-

Crookt backs payment.

Epi. 25.

CRoōk't-back, to pay old scores, wil sell his state:
And though he do, he'l neuer make all strait.

In Gallam.

Epi. 26.

GAlla, 'tis said of late, is brought to bed:
And yet in *Hymens* rites she nere was wed.
Which makes the vulgar iudge, & censure on her,
That she betimes begun to take vpon her.

Tims wound.

Epi. 27.

AT quarter blowes; *Tim* did of late receiue
A bruise vpō his head, that doth him grieue:
Which, hauing issue, makes friends tax his deed,
And iesting say, *Tim* has a running head.

Epi.

Epi. 28.

PHantaſtes chaf't t'expreſſe his raging wit,
Becauſe his ſtockins did not neately ſit;
And ſtrictly askt his man, what as he thought
Concerning's ſtockin he had lately bought (half,
Who ſaid, I think though 'tſeeme too ſtraight by
I wod fit; but that you are too great ith' Calfe.

De Conſpicillo.
Epi. 29.

AN aged man, which ſpectacles did vſe,
Hauing them filcht, begun one time to muſe,
Fearing the thiefe would not his ſights reſtore;
But rather plot how to deceiue him more.
Feare not ſaid one, the matter is but Light;
And ten to one, but they will come to Sight.

De Chirotheca.
Epi. 31.

A Friend proteſted he was ſtrangely croſt, (loſt
Becauſe (forſooth) his wedding gloues were
Put on your gloues, I ſaid, ſir do not ſtand;
I warrant you, ere long they'l come to Hand.

Trims

Trim's Care.

Epi. 32.

NEat Barber, *Trim*, I must commend thy care
Which doest all things exactly, to a Hayre.

Epi. 33.

Tom Chamberlayne doth from his guests (conuey
The fired logs which they accompt for pay;
Now *Tom* may sweare, and therein be no lyer,
That all he has, is gotten out oth' fire.

Idle words.

Epi. 34.

OF *Idle-words*, no capitall delict,
One was arraigned; by the lawes conuict;
Adiudg'd to lose his eares: which he denide;
Complotting to escape, But onereplide,
The Pillory t' escape spend not your wit:
When all is done, you must giue-Eare to it.

De Thaide.

Epi. 36.

THais, her Vrine to a Doctour bore:
Who askt her, if she were a maide. She swore
was so. My wench (quoth he) thou art beguild;
y Art descries that thou hast had a childe:
hat kind of maide art then? She blushing said,
nd't like your worship, sir, a Chamber-maide.

In Lesbiam.

Epi. 38.

THe sanguine dy of *Lesbia's* painted face,
Is often argued for a doubtfull Case. (it.
he color's hers, she swears: not so some thought
nd true she swears: for I know where she bought
(it.

De Gallo.

Epi. 39.

KInde *Cock* is not a cock oth' kind, I feare.
His hen wud bring forth chickins, if he were:
et she hath none. Then surely, gentle reader,
e is no Cock; onely a Capon-treader.

De

De Cornuto.
Epi. 40.

COrnutus did receiue a hurt on 's thigh:
Of which, I am perſwaded, he 'l not die.
The wound's not mortall thogh it inward ble
Becauſe the Signe rules moſt in *Cornuto's* head.

Epi. 41.

WOmen are Saints: yet was not ſhe a ſ
That almoſt ſlew her husband with
(ſ

The Caſe is altred.
Epi. 42.

TOm *Caſe* (ſome do report) was lately hal
If this be true, why then the Caſe is alte

Ad Cæcum.
Epi. 43.

CÆcus, I pray reſpect your honeſt name,
Auoide the ſcandall of ſucceeding ſhame.
Y' haue an ill eye, ſo ſome do often chat:
'Mongſt other faults, pray haue an Ey to that

EPIGRAMS.

In Superbum.

Epi. 44.

Svperbus ſwaggers with a Ring in 's eare;
And likewiſe, as the cuſtome is, doth weare
About his neck a Ribbin and a Ring:
VVhich makes men think, that he 's proud of a (ſtring.

Toſpots reckonings.

Epi. 45.

Toſpot is choſen ſteward of the houſe,
To ſum their commons; as eld ſeruants vſe.
I thinke he 'l reckonings more compleatly caſt,
Then any ſteward that this place has paſt.
For certaine, after drinkings, or a feaſt,
He caſts-vp Recknings once a weeke at leaſt.

Epi. 46.

Will ſquabled in a Tauern very ſore, (more.
Becauſe one brought a Gill of wine; no
Fill me a quart (quoth he) I 'me called *Will*:
The prouerbe is, Each *Iack* will haue his *Gill*.

Toms

Tom's Valour.

Epi. 47.

ONe hundreth groſſe of points *Tom* tooke in (pay,
Of bankrupt Mercers which were in decay
Whence ſom report, that knew his fearful ioints,
That *Tom*'s grown ſtout, & ſtands vpō his Points

Epi. 48.

Gvido doth rage, becauſe one ieſting ſaid,
That he of late had got a goodly head. (life
VVhat man dare giue me hornes (quoth) he for
No Man, ſaid one: if any, 't is your wife.
VVhiles men you tax, the halfe man you exclud
And ſhe, the whole man doth with horns delud

De Milone.

Epi. 49.

Milo doth vant he 's ſtrong, and yet contem
To take the wall of open foes, and frend
Then ſure he 's weake, which will in diſcord fal
For it, ſith none but weakeſt go to th' wall.

Epi

Epi. 50.

A Proctour was t' examine in the Court
A wench. And he, diſpoſed to make ſport,
Did aske the maid, what he ſhould call her name.
Why, maid (quoth ſhe) or elſe it were great ſhame.
Pray, ſpeake aduiſed, quoth this gibing clearke;
You muſt take Oath of it, and therefore marke.
The wench, ſelfe-guilty, to him blushing ſaid,
Pray ſtile me ſingle woman, leaue out maid.

To his inconſtant miſtriſſe.
Epi. 51.

FAine would I prayſe, yet dare not write my (minde,
Leſt thou ſholdſt vary like th' vncertain wind.

Ep. 52.

A Felon, iudg'd to dy for filching ware,
At his confeſſing did himſelfe compare,
In Metaphors, vnto the world; wherein
Contayned is the Sentinell of ſin.
The hang-man, hearing this, whē they had praid,
Began to ſcoffe, and thus deriding ſaid;
I may attempt what I deſire, were't Land:
For why? I haue the world now in a Band.

De Crepidario.
Epi. 53.

SHoo-makers are the men (without all doubt)
Be't good or bad, that ſet all things on foot.

De Vitriario.
Epi. 54.

AGlazier which endeauours to reape gaines,
Endureth toyle, is troubled much with (Panes.

Epi. 55.

Miller, ſuch Artiſts as thy pulſes feeles,
Affirme, thy gadding head doth runne on (wheeles.

Epi. 56.

(croſſe.
At-back, you are too blame which friends wil
Go too: you ſhew your ſelfe a knaue in groſſe

Epi. 57.

(paine
TAylors worke much, beleeue't, & take great
Yet, Maſons worke far harder i'l maintain.

Epi.

EPIGRAMS.

Epi. 58.

DOth *Iane* demerit well? I pray, why ſo?
For her good carriage, which all men know.

Epi. 59.

PRay, pardon *Præco's* compotations:
His head is full of Proclamations.

In Gulam.

Epi. 60.

BAſe *Gula*, with his teeth, & nailes doth teare
The commons which he eateth any where:
Now, we may ſay, What *Gula* doth aſſayle,
He will accompliſh it with Tooth-and-Naile.

Epilogus.

WHat *Satyres* write, or *Cabaliſts* do iudge,
I weigh but ſmall; ſith they beare all men
What *Momiſts* cenſure, or the roring ſect; (grudg.
Be what it will, tis but their dialect:
And ſuch applauſe, like to their thred-bare coate,
Would but pollute me with ſome euill note.
I doe referre my Muſe, vnto ſuch eyes,
Which truely can their iudgements equalize:
Such, will be meanes, to ſaue her from the fire
And if neede ſtand, to draw *Dun* out ith' mire

H. H. D.

IXIONS VVheele.

FOrtune empaling *Ione* with honors crowne,
Making him victor in the *Titans* fight:
Mars hauing trod perforce proud *Saturne* down,
Depriuing *Titan* of's vsurped right:
These cosupremes, which ouer-rule the fate,
Enthronize him in *Saturn's* regall state.

Which gratefull God, in honor of his name,
To *Mars* did dedicate the crownes of Bay;
And in *Olympus* did a feast ordayne,
To solemnize the glory of this day.
Each sacred Deity, had free accesse
To be partaker of such happinesse.

Hermes did trudge, a iolly foote-mans pase,
T' inuite the Rectors of the Spheres sublime.
He nimbly trips the sun-Gods circled race,
Commands each power, of the *Olympick* clime,
To celebrate this festiuall, in lieu
Of all the triumphs, which to *Mars* were due.

Which thankefull Guests, their ioynt consents all
To gratulate their kinde affecting Host; (gaue,
And, of the store which they in *prompta* haue
(As a requitall of his profuse cost)
Do, *plena manu*, regall bounties send,
Whiles to exceede in giuing they contend.

Pan did the first fruites of his fold present.
Neptune sent Quailes; and *Bacchus* foming vines
Ceres did immolate, with like intent,
Autumn's rich Prime, and Terra's golden mines
No God there was but sent, for loue or feare,
Condigne presents to augment their cheere.

At

At length, in veſtures nitid, and facete,
To *Ioues* high court, Heauens Synod did repaire:
Whoſe braines were buſied how to be compleat
To place themſelues in method, formall, ſquare,
Whiles maior powers, affect new forged ſhapes,
The minors æmulate like *Æſops* Apes.

Warres auſtere God, with ſtout *Achilles* Lance,
And wrinkled browes, doth *Thraſonize* it, rage:
Cornuted *Phœbe*, in her coach, doth prance:
Bacchus, with Grapes, doth ſtretch it on the ſtage,
Whiles this cup-ſaint, too lauiſh and profuſe,
Embrew's his Temples in their liquid iuice.

Apollo, *Venus*, *Cupid* God of loue,
And chaſt *Aurora* Goddeſſe of the Morne,
With all the remnant of the powers aboue,
In royall veſtures did their corps adorne.
Thus they contend (if eminent in place)
T' exceede in geſture, veſture, decent grace.

Vulcan except, who from his Anuile hies,
Lymping vnto the Trough, to ſcoure his face,
And cole-blis; then, with his apron dries
The ſame, thinking them fit for ſuch a place:
He, hating pride, vaine-glory, did not ſtriue,
Or emulate, to be ſuperfatiue.

The Smith of Lemnos, malecontent, did grudge
That *Dis* ſhould loyter for his ſhackling chaines:
Yet, being ielous, he's conſtrain'd to trudge,
Leſt, whiles he toyle, ſome other reape the gains.
Curling his locks, he therefore, halfe a mort,
Doth halting vher *Venus* to the Court.

Swift winged *Hermes*, did *Ixion* cite,
The laſt, to dance attendance at this feaſt:
Who, ſwolne with pride of his puiſſance, might,
Sate with the Gods as a coequal gueſt:
And though vnworthy to attaine ſuch place,
Yet did his thoughts aſpire for greater grace.

Earths

Earthe Mortall, with Immortalls being plac't,
Tooke *Dedalls* flight; with *Icarus* would climbe;
With *Phaeton* the deities disgrac't,
Deposing him, for his vndecent crime.
Princes, in pride, attempt those vaine designes,
Which often times their vmpires vndermines.

While mi_hty *Ioue*, with *Orpheus* sweetest hymns,
Aptly concording to *Arions* Lute,
With boauls of Nectar, crowned to the brims,
His noble guests doth gratulate, salute,
This lusting king endeauours in despite
To wrong his Host; to casheer *Hymen's* right.

Bacchus moyst vapours, which doe *sursum* fume,
Ixions braine so much intoxicate,
That in his cup he did (too rash) presume
T' attempt the act: which he repents too late.
So potent are *Don Bacchus* nociue charmes,
That they intrude into apparent harmes.

Rapt

Rapt with Queene *Iunnes* loue, whiles he did fix
So princely obiect in an abiect eye,
His ioyes with ſorrowes he doth intermix:
For, *ſanctum* ſinnes doe often ſoare too hie.
Which grand default, few Amoriſts can finde;
Becauſe the naked God of loue is blinde.

He languiſht long, abhorring to reueale,
T'expreſſe his dolours in externall ſhew:
Yet they, more vrgent whiles he would conceale,
Like *Hydra's* heads, did pullulate, renew.
For, ſhrowded embers, which cannot aſpire,
Aſſuming force, become the greateſt fire.

With chaſt *Adonis* bluſh, at length in art
He did vncaſe thoſe griefs which were repreſt,
And did the tenor of his cares impart:
For words yeeld ſolace to diſtempred breſts,
Aſſwage the deluge of eternall woe,
Which (Sea-like) *alternatim*, ebbe and flowe.

The

The prime allurement, which *Ixion* vs'd
To rob this Matron of her prizeleſſe fame,
Were *Mãmons* gifts; which women ſeld refuſe,
Although in obloquie they drowne their name.
For, Fates decreed, each womans weaker power
Should not reſiſt faire *Danae's* golden ſhowre.

His crowne of *Theſſalie*, with *Tagus* ſand,
And mineralls of *Ganges* golden ſhore,
He *gratis* did preferre into her hand,
Wiſhing ſuch Oratours might loue implore.
T'enioy baſe luſt he would his life condemne,
Hazard his ſtate, and princely Diadem.

The modeſt queen (which waxed red with ſhame)
Like one that 's planet-ſtrooke, remayned mute:
Collecting ſtrength (t'auoid ſucceeding fame)
She did repell his baſe, immodeſt ſute:
Yet, more importunate, though ſhe deſpiſe,
He *non-plaſt* once, againe will rechorize.

Lady

Lady (quoth he) behold my harmeleſſe heart,
Which doth, captiu'd, in *Sibyls* durance liue.
Like to *Achilles* Lance, my endleſſe ſmart
You muſt recure, which did the anguiſh giue:
Or I, poore *Tymon*, muſt my date expire,
Whiles Furies torture me in *Cupid's* fire.

Sometimes, in the Abyſſe of Loue I freeze,
Like frigid places of the Artick clime:
Againe, exceſſiue heate thoſe ſtormes appeaſe,
Scorching like *Phœbus* in her fiery prime.
Thus I, whom *Titan* fram'd of brittle mold,
Both at one inſtant, burn, and am key-cold.

My paſſiue humors, and diſtemperd thoughts,
Do ſtimulate proud *Silla's* Ire: debates
Vaine-hopes, which hote deſires doe bring to (nought,
Fiercely purſues with *Theominus* hates;
Waging ſuch warre within my ſoule diuine,
That Troian fraies, were plays, cõpar'd with mine.

No

No Artiſts skill, nor deity aboue,
Can mee reſtore to my deſired bliſſe.
The *Energia* ſole is fixt in loue,
Which may recure my cares remedileſſe.
At Loue I ayme; yet haue no croſſer foe:
Whoſe peruerſe wrath, my ſtate would ouerthrow

Thus doth he Syllogize, halfe malecontent,
With fallacies ſophiſticating teares;
And thus diſcourſe, vnkindneſſe to preuent,
Whilſt ſighs vnrip his melancholy feares:
Yet vaine the king purſues a booteleſſe chaſe,
His Deere doth tappaſſe in a priuate place.

Whiles he acutely argu'd this hard text,
With writs of errour trauerſing his ſute;
Ioues conſtant *Daphne*, timorous, perplext,
His fucall arguments doth ſtill confute:
Yet forward loue, which in extreames will erre,
Vniting force, doth wage a ſecond warre.

Now

Now by authentick reasons he doth pleade,
Vrging examples to confirm his case;
Corroborating his vndecent deede,
With Corinth's strumpers, which their sex debase
A subtle shift to curry-fauour's truce:
For, old examples women most seduce.

The Nymphs, to *Vesta* consecrated pure, (fine
VVhich did (quoth he) their youthfull daies con-
Like Ancors in a Caue, to liue secure,
Only deuoted to the vestall Shrine:
These trode their shooes awry, & did transgresse
Reputing it a frailty of the flesh.

The Sun-god *Phœbus*, subiect, bow'd to loue;
Though he were crowned with a willow-with.
Faire *Cytherea* had (as records proue)
A leash of loues, beside black Lemnos smith.
And *Vulcan* spi'd falsecarding. What of it?
He was adiudg'd but Iealous, wanting wit.

Sole

ole Monarch of the sky, whom *Cupid's* charms,
nd fatall Quiuer, did incite to lust,
louely *Arethusa's* azure armes
id oft repose; although it were vniust.
atmus can witnesse, and *Parnassus* Plaine,
he plaid the wanton with a shepheards-swaine.

xamine *Hermes*, if he lou'd, or no,
Vhiles he with *Herse* priuate did conferre,
lee'l not disclaime his wenching acts, I trowe,
r that with *Venus* he did wilfull erre.
hus lou'd the churlish starres. Then why shold I
oore *Saturnist*, a distract louer die.

Nor wert thou chast, great *Ioue*: the wedlock band
n *Hebe's*, and *Alcmena's* armes thou broke;
indar's proud bride thou vsed at command;
Captiu'd *Calisto* in a lustfull yoke;
nd with these Paramours hast led thy life,
Vronging the pleasures of a iealous wife.

What

What if great *Iupiter*, with *Lynx* his eyes,
Should cenſure, that thaſt *Hera* were too kind
With *Hermes* ſpells, I would coniure his ſpies,
Till I enioy'd the ſolace of my minde.
Admit, you ſhould diſcloſe in outward ſhew
Apparent loue, it were but *quid pro quo*.

Suppoſe, that Earth impanneld a *grand* Queſt,
And that the Barre of Law ſhould rack this act:
It would be thought a *Quare* at the beſt;
Sith *affi-danit* of our conceal'd fact (ſham
Could not be made; whiles of each Gods know
A *ſempiternall probate* ſhall remaine.

Hee vrg'd the Queene too farre: yet ſhe excuſ
Fearing malignant times the fame would broad
And doth obiect, that beautie's oft abuſ'd,
Oft ſcandaliz'd with vulgar tongues reproach.
For, ſlander ſet on foote, though falſe, will run,
And currant paſſe, in eu'ry Momiſts tongue.

Beau-

Beautie's a common marke, apt to offence
(Quoth she) when roysters roue, or Court vp wits
Bad fame will blab, & forge some lewd pretence
Be amours nere so secret, or precise:
No fond suspect her iealous eare can scape,
For, she will colour 't in a liuely shape.

Should I, vpon such tearmes, ere condiscend,
I double, treble, should mine honour staine,
What essence then my error durst defend,
If true accusers should my vice arraigne?
In vaine it were to fly from *Argus* watch,
If in the net, *Ioue*, *Mars* with *Venus* catch.

The vnchast king, now silent, all a mort,
Abruptly interrupts her subtile speech;
And, *vi & armis*, must enioy his sport,
Moue her perforce to cuckoldry, spouse-breach.
He begd before; but now commands his lust:
And she consents, lest *Ioue* their talke mistrust.

Who whilest they, *pro & contra*, argued thus,
Suspected misdemeanor in his Guest;
Yet did conceale, because he sate *non plus*,
Drowning despaire in his disquiet brest.
Ione feared guile (Mendozas well can gloze)
And therefore vrged *Inno* to disclose.

Who, putting finger in the eye, declares
This large discourse; which *Ione* vnkindely takes:
The lust seem'd vile, such impudence was rare:
Which to defraude, he of a cloude did make
Chast *Iunoes* like; a formall shape inuents,
Which, *graphicè*, her stature represent.

Apollo's wagon, hauing left his sphere,
Drawing the starry curtaine of the night,
This falle Idea did in state appeare,
To pay lusts king his long delir'd delight:
Whom he embrac't (yet was deceiud God wot)
And of a cloude the massy *Centaures* got.

Obtained luſt his breſt could not containe:
In *Thraſoe's* tearmes he vants this act obſcene,
Falſely accuſing *Hera* in diſdaine,
Making luſts Queane, corriuall with the Queene.
Such are mens faults; they cannot onely horne,
But muſt divulge, & laugh the wrongd to ſcorne.

The Irefull God, which was ſuppoſed, wrong,
To weare a cuckolds badge, an armed head,
All court affaires adiourneth, doth prolong,
And *coram nobis*, ſcans this ſhamefull deede.
Leſt by delay truth ſhould be ſtaind, forgot,
He wiſely ſtrikes now whilſt the Iron 's hot;

And of high treaſon doth the king indite
(For faults are great which touch a mighty foe)
VVho by a queſt of *Quere* which iudge right
(Too ſtrictly ſentenc't to eternall woe)
Was, by that Synod in *Olympus* held, (peld.
Condemn'd, contemn'd, and from his Throne ex-

To

WHEELE.

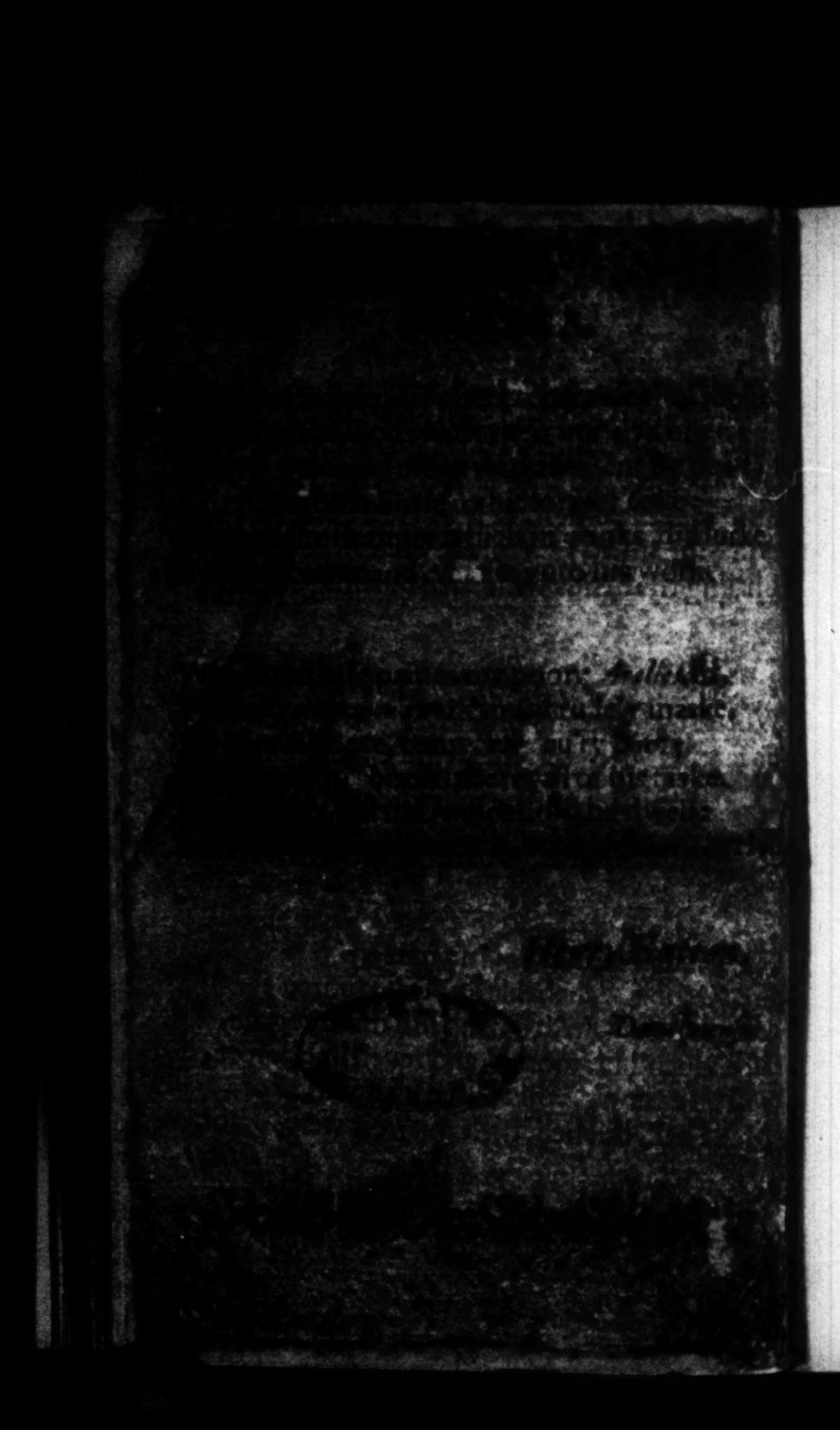
To pleade, or to recant, it was too late:
Th' arraigned king condemned stands, conuict,
Whom the three Iusticers of *Limbos* state,
With new deuised penalties inflict.
Hell's fatall iudgement, is a iust reward,
For such as *Hymeneus* rites discard.

Fixt to the rigour of a tumbling wheele,
Which Furies moue, and euer restlesse turnes,
This type of lust, hells terrour amply feeles,
While Serpents sting, and *Hecates* furnace burnes.
Thus, by iust doome, to Styx his soule did dive,
Being enrold amongst the damned fiue.

Great mirth did *Dis*, and *Proserpina* keepe,
To giue a welcome to this leane-chapt Ghost.
The triple-headed Cur awoke from sleepe.
Caron, in hast, his flaming Ferry crost;
Who wish the Furies, which then leasure found
Salute this guest, and hopt a merry round.

Tantal

Cerb. had lap enough: each ayry ſprite,
And ſtarued Ghoſt, had plenty of good-cheere.
Hecat skipt, with *Bacchus* being light,
And plaid the diuell, voide of loue or feare;
While grim *Megera* tore th' inuectiue ſcroles,
Chaſing the fiends with euer-burning coles.

A greater racket was not kept in Hell,
When *Hecat* got the Diuells leaue to play.
So far this *Chaos* doth the wont excell,
That former tortures are a ciuill day.
Rackes, tubs, & wheeles, do tumble vp & downe,
So that no Ghoſt eſcap't a broken crowne.

And all this time, *Ixion*, in a maze,
Spectator like, beheld the Furies ſport;
At length, aſham'd to ſtand ſtill mute at gaze,
Doth ſpend his mouth, and reuell in like ſort;
Till leuell coyle, which iſſued from the Pot,
Made hell, ſtill hell, their quarrels were ſo hot.